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MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 17, 1922.

THE COTTAGE AT JACKSON PARK

THE more Jackson Park is discussed, the greater possibilities it displays. There is every promise that the famous spot which was the birth place of Stonewall Jackson, will in time become one of the finest parks that any state can boast. Lewis County in which the park is located is taking the lead in making improvements there. Other counties will add their bit as the interest grows.

It is planned to have each county build a cottage at the park to house its boys and girls' clubs when they go there for the summer out door period. Harrison County, Lewis County and Taylor County are already planning their buildings, and expect to erect them immediately, so that the young people's agricultural clubs from these counties can be made comfortable at Jackson Park this summer. Marion County will want a cottage in the park for her young folks, and there is no reason that the county should delay in building it. The work of the agricultural club is a most splendid thing for the boys and girls, and Marion County has a most enthusiastic organization. Jackson Park is accessible to Marion County, and the summer work there will bring scores of youngsters to the spot. The cottage should be there to receive them. It should be roomy, substantial, and comfortable, something that the county will be proud of, and that will supply all needs of the young folk whom it will shelter.

Jackson Park offers every natural feature for a spot of sylvan beauty and every year will add to its attractiveness. The state is interested in its development, as well as the counties in its immediate vicinity, and nothing will stand between it and the necessary improvements in the way of roads, paths, and lighting, as well as flowers and shrubbery for its additional beautifying. It will this summer be visited by many hundreds of persons, and the number will be augmented every year as people become familiar with its possibilities, and accustomed to making use of it, but first, and foremost, it belongs to the boys and girls of West Virginia and it is primarily their summer playground. Marion County should, by all means, do her share in the work in connection with putting the park in to shape, and Marion County's cottage should be among the very first to be reared there.

FINE WORK FOR COUNTY SCHOOLS

COUNTY schools are ending their year's work now. Numbers of them closed last Friday with interesting exercises, and great satisfaction is felt over the result of the months spent in study and training.

Marion County has never had such a successful school year in her rural field. Everything has been propitious for good work including the weather; with the single exception of the prevalence of a mild kind of flu, nothing has interfered with the work in any way.

Community interest in the schools has been exceptional. Parents have co-operated with teachers as never before and the social life of the community has centered in many cases almost entirely in the school programs, and in events planned in which children and parents alike had a part. With the start made along this line during the past school year, next year ought to be an even greater one, with every man and woman actively interested in the welfare of the school nearest his or her home place.

The tests at examination time were most satisfactory. Over thirty pupils had an average higher than ninety per cent and the rest of the school work measured up accordingly. This means an exceptional lot of students entering high school next fall, and bespeaks fine work upon the part of the teaching force. The necessity for excellence in spelling was recognized in the schools this year and special emphasis laid upon this study. A very fat prize offered by a local man inspired pupils to extra effort, so that the final contests in spelling which produced the county winner was interesting to pupils in every school. The winner of the prize, and Marion County's best speller, proved to be a very bright young lady who triumphed over all masculine opposition.

Perhaps the one school that stands out among the general school excellence, is the East Run

School, which gave to Marion County the honor of having the first standardized school in West Virginia. East Run made tremendous effort to qualify and its success is owing to the wonderful team work of pupils, parents and teachers, who worked hard for the honor and earned it beyond question.

The county schools are to be heartily congratulated upon the close of this most successful year's work. Marion County owes a great debt to the teachers who have worked so faithfully and efficiently in their various localities. The teacher of the rural school has the most difficult of educational work, and she works in a remote field where her efforts too often go unremarked and unappreciated. When salaries are being boosted for teachers, the rural teacher deserves first consideration, for her work is done under more difficulties than falls to the lot of the city teacher, and her opportunities are fewer by far.

WHAT ABOUT THIS?

Is good home cooking going to join the ranks of things departed along with sunbonnets and shawls? It must be confessed that things look that way to the individual who takes a deep interest in home made pies, cakes and bread, and who views with alarm the insistent forces now at work inimical to his fondest loves.

Take pie, for instance; that great standby for American desert is becoming more and more of a rarity. Ice cream has simply shoved pie, pudding, and custard clear into the background. Americans have become a nation of ice cream fiends. It may be healthier than the home made pie, but it will never take the place of pie, to those who hanker for that good old fashioned refreshment. Bread too, that has been made in the home kitchen, is being shelved for the baker's variety. Only a bakery, or a grocery that handles bread can estimate how few people bake any more for themselves. Cake of the home made kind still holds its own pretty well. Bakers have never learned to approach a real home made cake, so that house keepers dislike to offer guests baker's cake. The small fancy cakes sold by grocers are frequently served in the home, but when it comes to actual cake, the domestic kitchen still delivers it.

So much for deserts, but what of roasts and vegetables? Are girls being taught to cook food as deliciously and economically as their mothers were taught? It is one thing for "Betty" to be able to make a "perfectly delicious fruit salad" or to compound an angel food cake, this is frequently done even in the most "advanced" families where each member "lives his own life," but can "Betty" step into the kitchen and cook a dinner from soup to desert, that is the burning question that confront the world today. For, if "Betty" cannot, then one family in the approaching generation is going to do without real home cooking. Multiply "Betty" by the scores, and where is the wind up? This question is a burning one.

The girl of today MAY be able to cook, but she will be a most rapturous surprise if she really can. In the first place when would the modern girl have time to cook? She never spends her Saturday afternoons in the kitchen with mother preparing for Sunday dinner. She doesn't fly home from school to pare potatoes for supper. At least she does not so far as observation goes. She takes a "hike" with the Girl Scouts and fries bacon over a wood fire, or she hops in the family car and puts four friends on the front seat and goes for a spin, and comes in hungry for the good "cats" that she will never be able to offer her own family unless she is willing to do a little K. P. service. This is an anxious hour for home cooking, with cafeterias, restaurants, and markets, offering food already cooked, to eat on the spot, or carry away; with young women too busy to venture much farther than fudge, and with the ice cream factory, the bakery, and the grocery, all inviting mother to step out of the kitchen.

How many persons were up early enough to see the frost yesterday morning? There was a nice white one that thickly coated roofs until the Easter sun got busy. Nothing was harmed, excepting some of the most tender young foliage. The fruit escaped altogether.

Fairmont never had a more beautiful Easter Sunday than that of yesterday. The radiance of the sun and the spotless blue of the sky made weather conditions perfect. Flowers were everywhere, shrubbery and fruit trees laden with them, tulip and hyacinth beds flaming, meadows thick with violets and forget-me-nots, woodlands gay with sweetwilliam, bluebell, wild geranium, and crocus. Church altars were embowered in lilies, homes were scented with blooming plants, automobiles were crammed with the fragrant spoils of the open, children's hands were laden and young girls adorned with corsages most gorgeous. The great earth seemed to throb with resurrection. From the places of worship arose songs of rejoicing and messages of comforting. The churches were filled with worshippers, and from one of them emerged a bride passing through the crowds about the steps and walk, with snowy floating veil and white draperies, a reflection of the sublime joy of the day. Surely Easter Sunday was full of promise for all and none could ask for a more perfect day amid more perfect surroundings.

The Blue Ridge Theater makes its first bow to Fairmont tonight, all arrayed in fresh paint and all renovated and improved past recognition to those who have patronized it in the past as the Hippodrome. The little theater deserves good luck and ample patronage. The present management have for the past year been gradually bringing this theater up to a clean, commendable standard. It has been their desire to make the theater one that the entire family may attend with satisfaction and with the assurance that every act will be of a clean, refined type. It is their intention to adhere to this policy, and those who desire good entertainment free from offense or suggestiveness can count upon the Blue Ridge Theater for it. Fairmont will welcome its opening this evening.

on the place, to the flames with him, brother, to the flames!

Well, you'd suffer some and then you'd kiss your mother goodby and hit it out across the fields. "Member you never owned a fishing outfit that wasn't home-made, but did ever any disciple of Isaac Walton get more joy than you did in that little creek, with alder poles a blue, red-white bobber and hooks two for five at Frank Barnes' store?"

"Night after a summer rain was the time, and near dusk the bull-heads bit voraciously. You didn't need much skill; you just imitated a worm and all the squirming thing didn't like it, so much the worse for the worm."

"Member when Ed. Lathrop, the big boy across the road, told Tom and you that if you'd bite the worm gently the process would make the fish bite better, and you did it! And how you swore a solemn vow afterwards, that it would be a long time before you set your teeth in any more fishin'-worms?"

Yesterday was one of the me nings when one wants to turn back the clock and go fishing once again and stop with Tom and Lucien at the cheese factory and ask Mr. McDowell for some curd, on the way home.

But the clock can not turn back nor can we turn it. Lucien may be dead, the cheese factory is undoubtedly gone and probably the old creek has all but disappeared. Who said that nothing in the world is permanent but change?

MOTOR BOAT MODELS

Motorists who went out the Fairview road yesterday witnessed something new in water craft. Just beyond the covered bridge at Barrackville, there is a dam erected at the site of the Federal Carbolic Co., which makes quite a fair sized pool of slack water. It furnishes a great place for young boys to go a-boating, as it were. One young enthusiast whose motor boat must have been out of commission yesterday, had made an improvised canoe out of one of the old-fashioned bath tubs that were a Saturday night necessity and luxury before the days of city water. In the faucet and other modern conveniences. Seated in seemingly perfect comfort in this tub and having as a paddle the end of a small plank, the lad was making the old "boat" do all manner of tricks. Many a motoring party slowed down to watch the unusual performance.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

While the morning services were on at the Presbyterian Church yesterday morning, several little colored girls came up Jefferson street. They were chatting quite loud, as they passed the church door, and usher, out for a bit of air, admonished them to be quiet. In a stage whisper one of the girls said, "Wonder what am de matter in der, Honey, has dey done got a funeral gwine on?"

Speaking of colored folk, the loudest Easter garment we glimpsed yesterday was worn by a colored girl. It was a sunset red that flashed and blazed up in the bright sunshine like a fire at midnight. But that was not the loudest thing about her costume. The dress had bead trimmings that trailed on down to ankles from where the modern dress stops, and every step the lassie took gave out a sound like the march of a chain gang.

RUFF STUFF

Went down to Morgantown Saturday to see the University vs Westminster athletic contest. Haven't decided yet whether it was a baseball game or a track met.

In the sixth inning when the crowd started to depart some one turned a snake loose on the playing-field. The game was held up for fifteen minutes while the home team recaptured its mascot and put it back in its cage.

And why should a movie manager be so wrapped up in a theater title as to come to his opening with an eye or less suggestive of the color scheme? Black, possibly? Yeah, possibly.

Personal to C. E. H.: Have you found the Preston County Journal yet?—R. S.

Note that the man from Eldorado promises "positively, absolutely, unequivocally, without the batting of an eye, nor the quivering of an eye-lash," a producing oil well for his "unit holders." The headline on the ad. says "A Gusher Guaranteed." Can some one whistle a wheeze out of that?

St. Luke is coming out. Noted yesterday that he's writing for the papers now. Yeah, he had an article in the Astonisher with a by-line over it. On the front page, too.

Which reminds us that "Moonshine" is to be had in the Fairmont newsstands. Concerning the complaints of the student council, the "Moonshine" editor remarks: "You guess maybe they want us to let P. L. Reed and P. L. Reed, it will be recalled, is in charge of the courses in Journalism at the University."

Well, those bachelors who got by Easter without suiciding in the

sea of matrimony are out of danger till May 30. And then we suppose they all go June-buggy.

C. B. has been granted official pardon in advance for all the bad weather he may send us for the rest of the year. Easter was simply perfect!

Our idea of a mean man is a guy who will take a fellow's last cigar and then ask for a match to light it.

For the last half hour we've been trying to make a pun about "ease a guilty conscience" and "glit an easy conscience" but it refuses to come. Will you, angry reader, come to our assistance?

The man at the Consol office who wrote the poem about Ignatz is still sore because the word "wish" came out in print "fish." There are some people who never can take a joke seriously.

P. S.: The line that was "nged should have read, "This poor wish that I would be a king. The words "a king" were also omitted.

J. K. tells this one on "Gummy" Showalter, when he was down here for the Wesleyan football game last year:

"Gummy" was at the Fairmont Hotel and was "three up and one to go" when he took a stroll into the elevator shaft and a twenty-foot tumble. Thinking him killed, his friends rushed down to pick up the scattered remains. "Gummy" was brushing himself off when they got there and raising one finger he addressed them admonishingly: "Watch that first step, boys: It's a long one!"

Berton Braley's Poem

"JOSHERS."
A man is lucky who has friends
A sort of irreverent crowd
Who make gay sport of his aims
and ends

Of which he is over-proud;
Though on occasions he may object
To some of their ribald mirth,
Their irrepressible disrespect
Is keeping his feet on earth!

There's many a chap who ought to tread
The pathways that lead to fame,
Who's handicapped by a swollen head
Because of some small acclaim;

And much too often his chance is wrecked
Because, when he seeks renown,
He lacks good comrades whose respect
Might whittle his ego down!

A certain amount of fulsome praise
And flattery has its charm,
But to hear naught else as you go
your ways

Is certain to lead to harm;
So, though the laurels you may collect
Rest pleasantly on your crown,
Don't shun your comrades whose whose
disrespect
Is keeping your ego down!

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NEW SUITS ENTERED

The following new suits have been entered on the law and chancery process books in the office of Circuit Clerk L. A. Cather during the last few days.

Columbus Harr, doing business as Tire Service Station, vs. W. D. Bellevue. Assumpsit. Damages \$600. May rules. U. A. Knapp, attorney for the plaintiff.

Frank R. Amos, executor of the estate of the late Margaret A. Hunter vs. George E. Hunter et al. Chancery. May rules. John W. Mason, attorney for the plaintiff. James D. Charlton, administrator of the estate of the late George Scritchfield, vs. Ora Scritchfield et al. Chancery. May rules. John W. Mason, attorney for the plaintiff.

L. L. Price, guarding vs. Gertrude Stealey Fullinger et al. Chancery. Summary. H. H. Rose, attorney for the plaintiff.

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FAIRMONT, W. VA.
CAPITAL \$200,000.00

CONNELL INDORSES THEATER PROJECT

Secretary of Chamber of Commerce Points Out Advantages of Plan

Thomas D. Connell, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, expresses himself as being well pleased with the rapid manner in which the plans for the early building of the new Main street theater are taking shape. He says that "one of the first questions that is asked of the Chamber of Commerce by manufacturers who are seeking locations for new enterprises is in regard to churches, schools and amusements. These people, and many of them have put these questions up to the Chamber of Commerce since I have been connected with the organization place much stress upon these points. They say that it is their belief that they get better service from their employees if they are surrounded by good living conditions, and living conditions are considered out of the trend of the times unless these things are provided."

"They demand good schools for their working people because that makes for a more intelligent set of workers. They want churches because they are the means of honest and conscientious working people, and they want amusements, such as the new theater will provide, because that will go a long way towards making them satisfied workers and satisfied workers produce more than those who are living a sort of hand to mouth existence for the sake of wages alone. In other words, these things are necessary to make a home loving people or good citizens."

"It is partly for this reason that the Chamber of Commerce has so strongly indorsed this movement and will co-operate in every way possible to make the proposition a success."

"It is claimed that practically every business man in the city who has so far expressed himself in regard to the new theater agrees that its building and operation will help every business in the city because it will be the drawing power to bring people from the surrounding country into the city and naturally this will add to the receipts of the business houses."

GIVE \$10 TO PRELATE

PITTSBURGH, April 17.—Six men, masked and hooded in the garb of the Ku Klux Klan, last night entered the Sharsburg Presbyterian Church near here, and walking to the altar stood quietly while one of their number handed an envelope, containing a \$10 bill to Peter S. Barney, prelate of Allegheny commandery, Knights Templar, who with 150 men of the organization was taking part in the Easter service. They then walked out without saying a word. It is the latest of a number of similar incidents in the Pittsburgh district within the past few months.

WHOOPIING COUGH
No "cure"—but helps to reduce paroxysms of coughing.
VICKS VAPORUB
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COMPLETE STAFF OF MOONSHINE RESIGNS

MORGANTOWN, April 17.—Resignation of the entire editorial and business staff of "Moonshine" magazine of West Virginia University, was announced today in response to what was termed "propaganda" designed to kill the magazine. Joseph W. Savage of Charleston, editor in chief of the magazine, in announcing the resignations, said that an entirely new staff would be elected next Thursday by popular vote of the students.

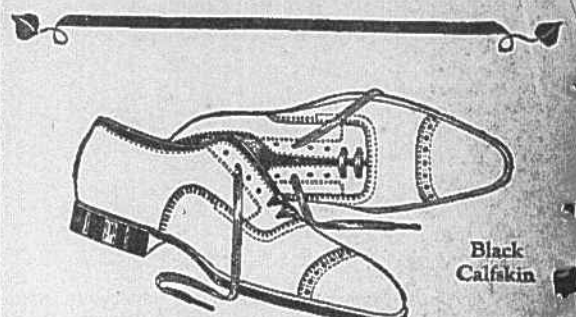
"The charge has been made that 'Moonshine' is not a Democratic institution," Mr. Savage said. "We deny that this is so, but in order to make our denial convincing all the editors, the business manager, and his assistants today decided to tender their resignations and pave the way for a new election by the students. It has also been charged that the editors and business staff

are making money off the publication of the magazine. As a matter of fact, only \$15 has been paid out for this purpose.

The whole question of student publications at the University will be discussed at an open-forum meeting of students Tuesday evening. Effort will be made to have the students indorse a petition asking the removal of all faculty censorship. Other questions to be threshed out involve the compensation paid to the business manager of the Athenaeum, semi-weekly newspaper, and the Monticola, annual publication.

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Many men prefer the new lighter-weight shoes

THIS dressy, smooth-fitting oxford is in favor this spring. The liking for heavy brogues has not died down—not by any means; but there are many who prefer the luxury of shoes that feel light. There's an improved snug heel-fit in this model which completely eliminates slipping.



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COURTNEYS' STORE

Sidelights

An Ideal Easter.

Creed Bolyard didn't change his mind yesterday and Fairmont enjoyed genuine spring weather on Easter Sunday.

Spring was here, carrying in her train blossoms, smiles, pertumance, happiness and a growing world. The snow bill is decreasing. The new buds are up on the road. The tulips are up five inches and the daffodils have spread its yellow glory.

There are the golden days when ever passed through the stage of

one would turn the clock back. Back, let us say, to the days of childhood. "Member Tom and you would awake on just such a morning as this in the little house in your own particular home town. You were not to be resisted and by holding out long enough you eventually obtained permission to go fishing. If the gods were kind and the chores had been done, I reason Joshua Jones, as an especial favor, would twist his dignified face into the shadow of a smile and give dispensation to his grandson, Lucien, to go with you.

"Member how you used to wonder if some of those old-timers, men of long prayers and proper mien

boyhood? How you thought they must have been born with teeth and responsibilities? They used to put on principles just as they did clothes. Joy was criminal. There was eternal repression, a pinching, the spirit of "Thou shalt not" and an irresistible something that made them say "No" when there was no human reason for not saying "Yes." This irresistible something intruded in everything from the will to dance to the desire to play jazz music on the piano on Sunday. These were way-stations on the road to hell and if one cared for a blue trip to fish for bullheads or go in swimming, and there was any work that could be scared up